

Movie night by Jancys-Blue-Bayou

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Summary: Nancy and Jonathan's movie date gets cancelled so they instead have a movie night at home with Joyce, Will, El and Hopper.

Movie night

A/N: Got two separate but identical anon prompts both requesting a fluffy fic where Nancy and Jonathan have a movie date planned that's hindered by a snowstorm so they instead have a movie night with Joyce, Will, El and Hopper, so here it is! (Set in February 1985 so a couple of months post-S2).

"No, it's my turn to pick," he says while putting on his jacket.

"But I want to see The Breakfast Club!" She protests.

"It's my turn you'll just have to-"

She cuts him off mid-sentence by pressing him up against his bedroom door, her lips covering his and her tongue sliding into his mouth. He melts into the kiss. After a few seconds she pulls away and looks at him expectantly.

"So The Breakfast Club, yeah totally," he gets out while trying to catch his breath.

"Thought so," she smirks.

They venture outside of his room. In the living room they find Will and El hunched over drawings at the table, all of Will's crayons and sheets of paper covering the table. It's been kind of a full house since... everything. What exactly the deal was between his mom and Hopper they hadn't really discussed, but after the dust settled Hopper had taken to letting El be at their house instead of alone at the cabin when he was at work. She even stayed the night if Hopper was working late. Which had lead to Hopper spending a good amount of time there too. And Nancy would come home with him most days after school, when he didn't have work. He would drive her home in the evening, only to wait for her to sneak back in after dark. He was pretty sure his mom suspected it, but she hadn't brought it up so far and he sure as hell wouldn't.

"Okay, we're going to the movies," he calls out to his mom in the

kitchen, just as the front door swings open.

"No you're not," Hopper replies resolutely, shutting the door behind him.

"Excuse me?" Nancy questions. His mom joins them in the hall.

Hopper brushes snow off his arms and removes his hat which was covered in it as well.

"Have any of you looked outside?" His gruff voice questions, looking around at them all.

"No...?" Nancy answers.

Hopper looks exasperated.

"There's a snowstorm! We had to close the roads, it's a nightmare downtown."

"Oh."

Will gets up and goes to the window, pulling the curtains aside to reveal a snowcovered landscape outside.

"Woah. Aw man, too bad it's Friday, we could have had a snow day!"

"Snow day?" El asks.

"When it snows this much they close the school and we get to stay home and have fun instead! But since tomorrow is Saturday there's no school anyway," Will explains.

"Oh," El nods. She herself hasn't started school yet, Joyce, Hopper, Nancy and Jonathan all helping out with homeschooling her instead so that she can hopefully catch up enough in time for high school.

Hopper takes of his coat and hangs it up.

"Sorry to spring this on you, but could Jane and I spend the night here?"

"Of course!" His mom answers, turning to his girlfriend she continues.

"Nancy sweetie, you'll stay too, we can't let you out there in these conditions," she says firmly.

"Oh. Thanks! I'll just call home to let them know," Nancy answers and goes to the phone.

"Sleepover!" Will and El calls out excitedly.

"Sorry about your movie, guys," his mom says when Nancy returns.

"It's okay," Nancy shrugs.

"We can have a movie night here!" Will exclaims.

"Good idea, honey," his mom agrees and El looks really excited. Nancy squeezes his hand and nods too.

Will and El dive over their meagre movie collection which mostly consists of stuff they've taped off the TV. He and his mom go into the kitchen to make some food, opting for grilled cheese. His mom makes tea aswell. Nancy and Hopper remain in the living room, butting in with some opinions on the choice of movies but mostly being content to let the kids decide. Will makes the case for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* which Dustin lent him. Eleven is adamant about *It's a Wonderful Life* because of the title. They begin with Will's pick, his little brother quickly shoving the tape in the VCR Bob left them and settling on the floor like he always likes to do when watching something. El sits down next to Will while Hopper sinks down into the chair. He settles on one end of the couch with Nancy, his mom sitting down at the other end.

They all agree *Close Encounters* is a good movie, though Hopper grumbles a bit about it hitting a bit close to home. At one point his mom disappears into the kitchen again, returning with a bowl of popcorn. It takes awhile to get used to seeing popcorn float in the air over to El, who uses her powers to get them so she doesn't miss anything on screen.

After *Close Encounters* they pop in *It's a Wonderful Life*. El gets distressed over all the bad things that befall George Bailey.

"It's okay sweetie, it'll get better," his mom calms.

"Yeah, just hold on," Nancy adds.

"Though he's an idiot for letting that dumbass uncle stay at the company," Hopper grimly adds. Joyce admonishes him and Nancy throws a pillow at him.

"Hey!" Hopper protests and flings the pillow back at them, but it stops in midair, changes course and flies back into his face. El gives Hopper a look before returning her focus to the film.

"See, everything turned out alright in the end," Nancy says when the credits roll.

"Yes," El nods, satisfied. "Can we watch more?"

"Yeah! *Texas Chainsaw Massacre!*" Will calls out his suggestion which makes him tense up.

"We don't have that, sweetie," his mom begins and looks to say something else, probably about it not being suitable anyway, but Will interrupts.

"Yes we do, Jonathan got it and we watched it- uh," his little brother quiets down when he finally notices the signals he's been giving him to *please stop talking*.

"I mean uh, no I haven't seen it," Will changes his story to, fooling nobody. His mom turns to him and gives him a look.

"Jonathan. Do you have anything you want to tell me?" His mom crosses her arms. He can feel Nancy looking up at him with a bemused expression.

"That Will needs to learn the meaning of 'Alright you can watch it just don't tell mom'," he deadpans, glaring at his brother.

His mom rolls her eyes.

"Besides, he didn't get scared, did you?"

"No I didn't!" Will announces proudly.

"Plus, weren't you the one who took him to see *Poltergeist*?"

"Hm. That's beside the point. Whatever, we're not watching it now. I know what we'll watch, El, you're gonna love this."

His mom goes to the shelf and digs out a tape. She pops it in and sits down on the couch next to them again. He quickly recognizes what it is. *An Affair to Remember*.

"Ugh, not one of these," Will complains, just like him familiar with their mother's preference for old romance movies.

Nancy snuggles even deeper into him during the movie, so he's got nothing to complain about. Plus, to be honest he doesn't really mind the movie. But halfway through it he can feel Nancy looking up at him again.

"You're mouthing along," she says, looking amused.

"What?" He questions and feels everyone looking at him.

"You were mouthing the words. You know all the lines."

"No I wasn't!" He protests. Out of the corner of his eye he can see his mom smirking.

"Yes you were. You love this movie," she observes with a grin.

"No I don't! It's her fault, she makes us watch it all the time!" He continues to plead his case, gesturing towards his mom.

"Don't put this on me honey," she counters.

"Aw, don't be embarrassed. It's cute that this is you're favorite movie," Nancy says and pokes him in the ribs.

"No it's not!" He protests again while Will laughs at him and even Hopper has a smirk on his face. His mom looks very amused and *very* pleased with herself. He's starting to suspect she had a hidden agenda with picking this movie.

"Yes it is now ssch, I want to watch," Nancy finishes and snuggles into

him again while everyone turns back to the TV.

Mrs. Byers is cool. Or Joyce, she reminds herself, she wants her to say Joyce instead of Mrs. Byers. She's been so welcoming and happy about her and Jonathan's relationship. And now she's cool with her sleeping in Jonathan's room.

"Do you want to borrow something of mine to sleep in, sweetie?" Joyce asks.

"Oh no I've already got-" she starts before cutting herself off when she suddenly realizes maybe he shouldn't tell her boyfriend's mother, even if she's cool, that she doesn't need to borrow because she's spent the night so many times already that Jonathan's The Clash t-shirt has become her preferred nightgown to the point that she takes it home with her because it smells like him and that calms her on those rare nights she doesn't sneak over.

"I mean, it's okay, but thanks," she finishes awkwardly. Jonathan's cheeks has gone a bit red and he just looks down.

"Okay," Joyce says slowly. "Well, good night."

"Night."

"I like movie night," she says to him later when they're snuggled up in bed.

"Yeah."

"We'll see The Breakfast Club next weekend."

"Still my turn to pick."

"Nuh-uh come on, you got to watch your favorite movie tonight..."

"Shut up."

"... you should be happy with that and let me have next pick."

He opens his mouth to protest so she interrupts him with a kiss. It

deepens quickly. The night's not over yet.